

KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION

Entertained Here by the St. Bernard Coal Company in June, 1878.

COMING AGAIN THIS YEAR.

Emmett G. Logan, Then a Courier-Journal Reporter, Wrote Up the Trip.

Novel and Elegant Entertainment in the Mines Reported by Pencil Pushers.

Way back in 1878, when the editor of THE BEE was a small devil in a Madisonville printing office, and before THE BEE "angels" were, the Kentucky Press Association held its annual meeting at Hopkinsville, and after the "business" and a large part of the pleasure had been transacted, they accepted the invitation of the management of the St. Bernard and Hecla coal companies, and came to Earlington for a day of very novel experience in the green-clad hills and the rich coal mines of Earlington, that were then growing from their early infancy to the great magnitude and almost world-wide fame they have now attained.

The output of the St. Bernard mines in 1878, eight years after the first pick was struck in the coal, was 4,407,000 bushels; last year the output of this group of mines reached the enormous figure of 21,825,496 bushels. Then the St. Bernard and Hecla mines were the only ones in operation. Now there are numerous other large mines, and the total output of coal from Hopkins county in 1900 was 33,843,500 bushels, or nearly one-fourth the total output of the vast coal fields of the entire State.

This record of the early visit of the Kentucky newspaper men to the rich coal fields of Hopkins county is a matter affecting local history, and has been treasured in the memory of many Earlington people, as it was preserved in the writings of many an able journalist, while the memory of the experience was fresh. One writer spoke of it as "a most novel and magnificent affair." This occurrence transpired years prior to the establishment of THE BEE, and now it is timely that THE BEE should reproduce somewhat of the record of that event.

Col. E. G. Sebree, Sr., was then President of the St. Bernard Coal Company, and Mr. John B. Atkinson was Vice President and General Superintendent. Col. J. F. Foard was President of the Hecla Company.

Gen. James H. Wilson was Superintendent of the old St. Louis and Southeastern, now the St. Louis and Henderson Divisions of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Conductors E. H. Mann, John C. Loomis, W. M. Brady and A. S. Batch were subjects of especial thanks at the hands of the press boys.

W. J. Lampton, E. Polk Johnson, George W. Bain, Urey Woodson, J. Stoddard Johnston, I. B. Nall and E. G. Logan were among the representatives present who have attained prominence in press and public circles. Emmett G. Logan, the orator of that meeting, now editor of the Louisville Times, wrote thus in part in the Courier-Journal about the Earlington part of the entertainment:

AN UNDERGROUND BANQUET. Down in the Hecla the air is filled with noisome vapors, and upon emerging we were advised to take

an antidote in the shape of distilled water, from a spring on which the moon had never shown, made palatable by a judicious admixture of saccharine matter and flavored with sprigs of an aromatic plant of the genus Mentha—a piece of advice that was taken with a good deal of unction. Then came the announcement that dinner would be served in the St. Bernard mine, one mile from the entrance. I acknowledge that I received this announcement with an action approximating a shudder, but as I was in a strait between two shudders—one at the thought of going to the end of a hole a mile long to get my dinner, and the other at the appalling prospect of getting no dinner at all—I determined to face the lesser shudder, and went in the hole. However, as is frequently the case, proximity did not mean similarity. Though the two holes were near neighbors, there was an infinity of preference in favor of the upper one—the St. Bernard, which is located on a much higher plain and cut into an entirely different vein of coal. It is seven feet thick, and forms a segment of a hill; while the Hecla is but five feet thick and lies far down under the valleys. Here were large, clean cars, provided with clean seats for six persons, and the trains drawn over smooth, dry tracks by two large mules in tandem. There were a number of trains of six cars each, and the lights of the miners, glimmering in the distance like fireflies, made, what was to me at least, a novel and interesting spectacle. Near the point of destination the entry had been closed by a large sheet, or drop curtain, and as the train approached it was drawn aside, and disclosed to the astonished view of the upper land-lubbers a truly wonderful spectacle for such a place. There was a magnificent gallery, three hundred yards long, some twenty feet wide and ten or twelve high, lit up by more than a thousand candles, a band of music filling these living catacombs with softest symphonies, and two long tables loaded with delicacies and presided over by fair women, spread out before that hungry crowd. It was a time for admiration and for appetite.

It was my good fortune to fall early into the hands of Mr. Robinson, General Foreman of the mines. Eight years ago the 3d of last May he and one companion, stuck the first pick into what is now the Great St. Bernard, with its capital stock of one million dollars, with a fee simple to mineral privileges in thirteen thousand acres of land, and has driven thirteen and a half miles of entries, and has five miles of iron railroad underground and a mining capacity of 25,000 bushels, or 1,000 tons per day. Its total output to date is 22,500,000 bushels or 900,000 tons. Output for the year ending April 1, 1878, 4,407,500 bushels, or 173,304 tons.

Even while the guests of that festive occasion were enjoying the good things so lavishly set before them, there would reach their ears the distant rumble of blasts fired off far away in the depths of the hill. There is no end to the coal there and there is no limit to the St. Bernard's facilities for getting it out. Many interesting facts and statistics were furnished me but the loss of a memorandum book will save them for another visit and another letter. Mr. Robinson was born on the Isle of Man, and is now about forty-five years old. He has lived in mines since he was ten and is better satisfied in the earth than on it. He has three brothers, foremen in the mines, and one of his sons is a member of the mine band that furnished music for the occasion.

No one in that party will ever forget the day spent at St. Bernard and Hecla, or the many courtesies or goodly cheer received at their hands. Col. Sebree, Mr. Atkinson and others were especially attentive to the wants and wishes of the party. Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Williams and Miss Lina Judson, who presided over the subterranean feast, were embalmers in a resolution of thanks, as well as in the memories of the press.

Mrs. Nannie Houston Banks, who is since known as an accomplished author and a brilliant newspaper correspondent, was of the party with her husband, Mr. James N. Banks, representing the Henderson Reporter.

Mrs. Banks was, it will be remembered, shut up in one of the besieged South African cities—probably Kimberly—during the Boer war, while acting in the capacity of special correspondent to a leading daily of New York or London.

The following from the Reporter

sounds like the writing of a woman and we attribute it to Mrs. Banks:

"After they had partaken of the refreshments so bountifully furnished on the surface of the earth, they were invited by the proprietors of the mines to a feast under the earth that rivalled in splendor the dreams of Aladdin. They were conducted to the main entrance of No. 11 vein of coal, where cars, drawn by mules, had been provided in which to take the journey; and taking their seats, each one having provided himself with a little tin miner's lamp, they were whirled into the bosom of mother earth through a solid vein of coal eight feet in thickness, around curves and up grades for at least a mile—the miners blasting in the vein beneath. (No. 9.) sounded like a salute of welcome from distant cannon. Approaching their destination, away off through the dark cavern could be seen twinkling lights, like stars on the brow of night, which, on a nearer approach, were discovered to be a thousand candles lighting up a magnificent chamber or Hall. The contrast between the narrow and dark tunnel through which they had been conveyed and the lighted chamber was grand and inspiring; but when, on approaching nearer, the car was greeted by the notes of the 'Red, White and Blue' from a brass band stationed at the extreme end, it became overwhelming, and the souls that had been hushed into awe and silence by the wonders of the journey and the grandeur of the scene broke forth into loud huzzas that made the hallways ring. It brought to memory the tale of some robber chieftain returning with his loot to his home in the cave. Getting out of the cars they found themselves in a large and spacious room cut out of solid coal, with chandeliers of candles pending from the roof and jetting out from the sides; two long rows of tables, capable of seating two hundred persons, covered with white cloth and laden with the fat of the land—mutton, hams, the nicest of butter, bread and cakes, the purest old Java and the richest of cream to give it flavor and color. Attentive waiters under the direction of the proprietors were busy in making each guest what his appetite desired. Several ladies added to the scene, their presence, each editor should have had a wife and had her with him, among the number Mrs. John B. Atkinson, the wife of the superintendent of the St. Bernard mines, a lady whose noble face and pleasant and graceful manners marked her at once as the person who had planned, executed and carried into effect this most delightful entertainment. Col. Sebree, President of the mines noted for his indomitable energy and perseverance and jolly disposition—accompanied by his gentlemen and effective reads, Mr. John B. Atkinson and Maj. M. M. Kimball, the superintendents respectively of the St. Bernard and St. Charles mines, were everywhere present, adding to the pleasure of the day and the comfort of their guests.

The occasion will be long remembered, and the trip into the mines with its pleasant contrasts and surprises will be recounted time and time again around the fireside and in the business circles. Very few of the editors had by ocular demonstration any idea of the vast coal resource of Southern Kentucky until this trip. A vein of coal in which the tallest man may walk upright, extending for miles in inexhaustible quantities, was something they had read of but never seen. There are others beneath the one they entered averaging from four and a half to five feet in thickness, and these are underlaid by the finest block coal—all of which when fully developed will make this section the richest on the globe.

It is to be hoped that attention may be called more frequently by the press to our magnificent resources that immigration may be induced and they fully developed.

H. C. Batts said in the Clarksville Chronicle:

Thursday, at 9 o'clock, a. m., we got aboard the special train provided by the St. Louis & Southwestern Railroad Company and in an hour found ourselves

AT THE COAL MINES, whether we went on the invitation of the Hecla and St. Bernard Mining Companies. About 150 persons composed the excursion party. After refreshing the spiritual liquidism we were put in charge of Col. Foard, who gracefully did the Ferguson for us in showing us through the mines. We were "loaded up" in little cars, pushed upon the platform and let down the shaft 90 feet into Chimerian darkness.

These mines employ 175 men, and produce annually 2,250,000 bushels of coal. After exploring the mines, seeing the miners "dig" and "blast" we got in our cars and were drawn back to the foot of the shaft, and again drawn up into daylight. We "refreshed" again, (the refreshment consisted of lemonade and cigars.) We were then escorted up to the mouth of the St. Bernard mines, where several trains of cars stood ready to receive us. We were in blissful ignorance of the very

GREAT SURPRISE that awaited us. We were placed in the little coal cars, nine in each car, (however, Riley had a special car, for obvious reasons), an escort of miners was provided to accompany us, and we started on our delightful journey into the ground. For the distance of a mile and a half with a clang and a clatter, on the track and off, we went at a rattling speed. Finally at a turn in the chute, a scene

suddenly burst upon our vision that cannot be described nor forgotten. A quarter of a mile distant we beheld the materialized

GROTTO OF CALYPSO.

an underground paradise of more than oriental splendor and magnificence. It was simply beyond description and above comparison. Imagine, if you can, a hall 400 feet long and 50 feet wide lighted with 1,000 wax candles, placed in clusters at regular distances along both sides and suspended from the ceiling 40 feet overhead; the walls literally covered with festoons of flowers and evergreens; the floor carpeted with moss and strewn with flowers; hundreds of bouquets on the two tables which ran the whole length of the hall, and hanging baskets of flowers overhead, while the liberal tables were weighted down with a dinner that would have pleased Epicurus himself. We were struck dumb with astonishment at this unexpected sight of fairyland and unanimously decided to stop our trains that we might admire the beautiful scene. Then the whole mountain shook with the most deafening cannonade; again and again the terrible thunder rolled through the caverns, until the whole mountain to her center shook. On inquiring, we were told that it was the miners blasting 80 feet below us, saluting the party. The cannonade ceased, the band began to play, and our senses were absolutely intoxicated with delight. When we proceeded to demolish the dinner, and after two or three hours of unadulterated happiness we reluctantly left the enchanted grotto. After listening to a very palatable paper by Judge McHenry, of St. Louis, (whose humor, by the way, is much like that of our lamented Humphreys, elevated, dignified, chaste), we started for Hopkinsville, and at 8:30 p. m., attended the reception by Dr. and Mrs. Rodman, at the Asylum, which was a most elegant affair.

This visit to Earlington was made June 6, 1878. One week from tomorrow, Friday, August 2, 1901, the Kentucky Press Association comes to Earlington again and will be entertained at luncheon, details of which will be given later.

INJUNCTION CAME JUST IN TIME.

Striking Machinists at Ansonia, Conn., Had Become Violent—Some of Their Acts.

Ansonia, Conn., July 18.—The effect of the sweeping injunction granted by Judge E. B. Gager, restraining the striking machinists, their unions and their sympathizers from interfering with non-union men at the Farrell foundry, has been to check what promised to be a serious outbreak here. The history of the strike situation in Derby, Steelton and Ansonia, three small manufacturing communities, aggregating possibly 25,000 inhabitants, shows that there has been little temporizing on either side. Four concerns, employing probably 400 machinists, were affected by this strike, the Ferrell Foundry and Machine Company of this place, the Driggs-Seabury Gun and Ammunition Company and the Birmingham Iron Foundry of Derby and the Whitlock Printing Press Manufacturing Company of Steelton. Demands exactly like those made by machinists all over the country were made and refused and the strike began on May 20.

The Farrell Foundry was the first to begin running its shop with non-union help. Men from New York were brought here about June 15, were placed in the shop and have been doing good work, so the company officials say. The arrival of the new men was the signal for the striking employees to begin a series of actions which resulted in the injunction. Every day and night the shop was surrounded by pickets but the presence of Sheriff Dunham's deputies prevented any pickets reaching the new men or anything being done to annoy them until the early morning of July 4. Then, to show more thoroughly than ever that the union men think that not every man in this free land is entitled to earn his daily bread unmolested, strikers or their sympathizers bombarded

the sleeping apartments of the new men with skyrocket and Roman candles, frightening them, endangering property of the company.

Several days later one of the new men left the shop and went to his home. Returning on Sunday evening, he was not recognized by the guard at the shop door, and admittance was refused. He fell into the hands of the pickets and was persuaded to leave town. Five men boarded an electric car with him to show him the way to Bridgeport. Reaching Derby, he insisted that two men were enough, unless the strikers wanted to "do him up." The last Ridgeport car having left, two men started to show him the road to Bridgeport. The new man having declared his willingness to walk.

When the outskirts of Shelton were reached the electric lights went out. What happened there only three men know. The striking machinists say that the man, without warning or cause, sprang on them and slashed them fearfully with a razor. The man says the strikers, after kicking and pounding him, tried to throw him into the river, and he used his razor in self defence. He returned to Shelton, was arrested, released on bonds, and is back at work.

On Monday last David Smith, one of the striking employees, and A. M. Valentine, another, returned to work. At 6 o'clock Smith was followed home and made a promise not to return to work. He is old and promised because, he said, he was too old to stand the nervous strain. Valentine is colored and was in church when the crowd gathered around his house. The noise broke up the meeting and Valentine met a committee in the church vestry and there made his promise.

These acts were followed by the injunction. This injunction not only prohibits such demonstrations, but upsets the scheme on foot to boycott merchants who sell to the company, and if any merchant refuses to sell to the foundry or its employees he becomes a party to the illegal conspiracy and subject to the penalties of such disobedience.

The pickets have all been called in and one of the head officials of the machinists who has been here has gone to Washington to consult about the situation. The strike is practically broken. The Whitlock Company's men have all returned, except such as were discharged, without gaining a point. The Birmingham Iron Foundry started its roll department on Wednesday with new men and no demonstration occurred. The Driggs-Seabury concern is shut down indefinitely. The Farrells have gradually increased their working force.

UNION STRIKERS MUST PAY COSTS.

Metal Polishers of Dayton, Ohio, Assessed \$586 in an Injunction Suit

Dayton, Ohio, July 18.—The metal polishers, as a union or individuals, will have to pay \$586 as costs in the injunction suit brought against them by the Manufacturers' Association. Execution was issued this afternoon by County Clerk C. W. Biser against the Metal Polishers' Local Union No. 5, and the several hundred defendants who were permanently enjoined at the instance of the Dayton Manufacturing Company from in any way interfering with its business, directing and commanding Sheriff Keshner to levy upon any of the goods and chattels of the

defendants or upon any of the lands or tenements of the defendants to satisfy the claim for costs.

The costs were incurred in the hearing of the injunction suit, and were in favor of the clerk, the Sheriff and witnesses. The fees of the witnesses alone amount to about \$102. The costs stand as a judgement against the union and the defendants who were enjoined by Judge Kumler. The costs are a lien upon property, and building associations will not lend money upon property so encumbered.

INJUNCTION AGAINST MACHINISTS.

Restrained From Interfering With Men Employed by the Holly Co. of Lockport.

Buffalo, July 18.—In Special Term today Justice White granted an injunction order restraining 160 machinists, now on strike at the Holly Manufacturing Company's plant in Lockport, from interfering with men now at work or about to go to work there. It is directed against the lodge of the National Association of Machinists "and others." The application was made by Judge Potter, a partner of Senator Ellsworth. The Holly company has just secured a \$800,000 contract for pumps for the Water Department of Cincinnati and means to employ non-union men for the work.

NEW \$10 SILVER CERTIFICATE.

It Has Been Christened the "Buffalo Bill" as it Bears on Its Face the Figure of a Buffalo.

Washington, July 18.—The fourth in the series of new silver certificates, which will be known as the American series, will soon be issued from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where the plates are nearly finished. It be a ten-dollar bill and has already been christened the "Buffalo Bill," not after Col. Cody, but because its distinctive character will be the figure of a gigantic buffalo. On the note the buffalo is headed westward, his shaggy head well down for a charge, his tail in a pugnacious attitude and his matted mane sweeping the ground.

In this note, as in others of this series, it is intended to leave as much open work as possible with a handsome design, the silk threads in the paper forming one of the greatest safeguards against counterfeiting. In many of the older notes the threads were almost entirely obscured by scroll-work. The subjects for this series will be confined to American life, hence, the "American series." On the one-dollar bill is the eagle, on the two, George Washington, and on the five the handsome head of the Indian chief, Onepapa. It was suggested that a picture of the battleship Maine be used on the ten-dollar notes and the suggestion was at first adopted. Later it was rejected as not distinctively American and not to be distinguished from any other battleship. The department is still searching for suitable subjects for the twenty and fifty-dollar bills.

Nisbett-Laffoon.

Madisonville, Ky., July 20.—Mr. P. Watt Nisbett and Miss Emma Laffoon went to Henderson this morning and were married this afternoon. The wedding was a surprise to their friends here. The bride is the daughter of ex-Congressman Polk Laffoon.